KING'S LANDING, WESTEROS.

THE FABLED RED KEEP ATOP AEGON'S HILL.

A DAY OF JOY AND MERRIMENT COMMENCES EVEN AS THE SEPT OF BAELORS RUINS SMOLDER.

THIS FESTIVAL TO THE MOTHER WAS A BRILLIANT IDEA ON MY PART.

THE PEOPLE NOW KNOW I WILL GO TO ANY LENGTH TO ENSURE MY RULE, AND MANY OF MY ENEMIES HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM THE EQUATION.

SEIZING POWER ISN'T THE ACTUAL HARD PART, THOUGH. MAINTAINING IT IS. I MAY HOLD SWAY OVER THIS CITY, BUT ELSEWHERE THERE ARE ALWAYS THOSE WHO PLOT TO TAKE IT FROM ME.

SORRY YOUR GRACE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB YOU BUT THE DOOR WAS OPEN...

THAT'S FINE, QYBURN. WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

THIS CHEST, YOUR GRACE. IT WAS FOUND AMONGST THE ***HIGH SPARROWS*** BELONGINGS... QUITE HIDDEN, ACTUALLY... AND AS YOU CAN TELL QUITE ***BIZARRE.***

YES, THE DESIGN IS QUITE ***ODD.*** WHAT WAS INSIDE?

THAT'S THE THING, YOUR GRACE. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO OPEN IT. THE LOCK IS A DESIGN I'M UNFAMILIAR WITH, AS IS IT'S LANGUAGE. EVEN MY ACIDS FAILED TO CRACK IT...

THANK YOU FOR BRINGING IT TO ME, QYBURN. I'LL LOOK INTO THIS MYSELF. YOU CAN GO.

AS YOU COMMAND, YOUR GRACE.

THE LOCKING SYSTEM SEEMS TO BE TUMBLER BASED. JUDGING BY MOST OF THE ICONOGRAPHY, IT'S RATHER OLD. I WONDER WHAT THE HIGH SPARROW HAS IN HERE...

COULD IT BE AS SIMPLE AS ROTATING PAST EACH OF THE NEW YEAR REPENTENCE SYMBOLS?... YES!

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THIS...?! SOME KIND OF WRITHING...

BY THE GODS!...

MMMRG!

NO!

HER WALK OF SHAME AND IMPRISONMENT STILL BURNING IN HER MEMORY, ***CERSEI*** NOW FINDS HERSELF BEING VIOLATED IN ANOTHER MUCH MORE VISCERAL WAY AS A LIQUIDY BLACK TAR MATERIAL SHE FREED FROM THE MYSTERIOUS CONTAINER ANCHORS ITSELF TO HER.

SHE STRUGGLES, YET DESPITE HER EFFORTS IT HUNGRILY CONTINUES IT'S ONSLAUGHT, SEEMINGLY PAYING NO HEED TO HER CLOTHING AND SEEKING THE TERRIFIED WOMAN'S FLESH OUT, COVERING IT WITH ITSELF AS IT SPREADS.

THIS IS NO ORDINARY WOMAN, THIS IS ***CERSEI LANNISTER***, ASSUMED QUEEN OF THE SEVEN KINGDOMS. SHE'S LOST A HUSBAND, HER FATHER AND EVEN HER CHILDREN. QUIT AND SURRENDER ARE NOT WORDS IN HER VOCABULARY. SHE FIGHTS ON.

IT'S A LOSING DESPERATE BATTLE, AS MORE AND MORE OF HER BECOMES ENCAPSULATED BY WHATEVER IT IS SHE'S FIGHTING BY THE SECOND.

IF ANYTHING HER PASSIONATE RESISTANCE SEEMS TO FUEL THE SPREADING, AND DESPITE IT'S ODD APPEARANCE AND TEXTURE, HAVING IT AGAINST HER SKIN FEELS GOOD.

THAT PLEASURE ONLY CONTINUES AND IS AMPLIFIED WHEN IT'S MATERIAL FINALLY COATS HER OTHER SENSITIVE REGIONS. IT SQUIRMS AS IT SPLAYS ITSELF ON HER... SLICK, YET TIGHT AND GOOEY TO THE TOUCH.

IT'S NO USE... WHATEVER THIS MATERIAL IS... IT'S STRONGER THAN ME... IT'S CONSTANTLY GETTING TIGHTER... IT'S MADE MY HANDS TALONS... PUT A STRANGE ***SPIDER*** ACROSS MY CHEST...

IS THIS HOW I DIE? CAUGHT IN SOME TERRIBLE TRAP SPRUNG BY THE ***HIGH SPARROW*** IN DEATH?

NO... IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE IT'S HURTING ME... BUT IT'S DEFINITELY DOING MORE THEN JUST COVERING ME... IT'S... IT'S... ***CHANGING*** ME!

WAIT... WHAT!?

HRRRKKK!

I CAN HEAR... IN MY MIND... A VOICE GROWING LOUDER... SAYS IT MEANS ME NO HARM...

IT WANTS TO HELP, WANTS TO GIVE ME VAST POWER, WANTS TO ***BOND*** US TOGETHER...

MMMMM... THIS FEELS GOOD... WELL MY NEW EBON FRIEND...PERHAPS I MISJUDGED YOU... DO GO ON ABOUT THE ***VAST POWER*** YOU JUST MENTIONED, HMM?

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO, EH? YOU LIVE TO BE JOINED WITH SOMEONE... TO SHARE EXISTENCE. TO COMBINE AND CHANGE A HOST BODY... LIKE YOU ARE WITH ME. AND IT'S THROUGH THIS ***UNION***...

YOU CAN ENDOW ME WITH YOUR SAVAGERY AND ***POWER***... IN EXCHANGE FOR BEING JOINED WITH MY BODY...

YES, I THINK I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU WORK... BUT I STILL DO HAVE QUESTIONS...

LIKE... HOW LONG WERE YOU IN THAT CONTAINER? AND IF YOU ARE SO POWERFUL, HOW DID YOU GET CAPTURED IN THE FIRST PLACE?

YOU DON'T REMEMBER THOSE DETAILS, HMM? WELL THAT'S UNFORTUNATE...

AS IS HOW YOU LOOK TO BE HONEST. YOU MAY FEEL QUITE NICE TO WALK AROUND IN, AND GRANT WONDERFUL SEEMINGLY MONSTROUS ABILITY, BUT OUR COMBINED APPEARANCE ISN'T SO GRAND.

IMAGINE SOMETHING NICER...? WHAT DO YOU--

GASP!

YOU CAN ASSUME ***ANY*** FORM OR DESIGN I IMAGINE?! AMAZING! TELL ME MORE... TELL ME ***EVERYTHING*** YOU DO REMEMBER...

A FEW DAY'S LATER...

THE MAN THAT WAS CAPTURED HASN'T SAID A WORD ABOUT WHAT THE **DRAGON WENCH** IS UP TO, AND HE LIKELY DOESN'T KNOW REGARDLESS.

IF HE WON'T GIVE US INFORMATION, HE'LL FULFILL ANOTHER OF OUR... **NEEDS**... I KNEW THAT'D MAKE YOU HAPPY, MY **OTHER**.

HA! THEY SEND THEIR WOMAN QUEEN TO TRY AND BREAK MY RESOLVE?! SAVE YOURSELF SOME TIME. KILL ME AND GET IT OVER WITH, I'M PREPARED TO RIDE **THE GREAT STALLION.**

YOUR RESOLVE ISN'T THE ONLY THING I'M INTERESTED IN BREAKING, YOU PIECE OF **DOTHRAKI** SCUM...

I THINK I'LL START WITH YOUR FINGERS JUST TO HEAR THEM CRACK... THEN PERHAPS MOVE ON TO YOUR ARMS PROPER AND SEE WHAT THE SHATTERING OF BONES THERE SOUNDS LIKE...

GASPS!

THEN WE'LL CRUSH YOUR HEAD LIKE A RIPE MELON, AND TEAR YOUR STILL BEATING HEART OUT TO FEED THE CROWS!

CACKLES!

P..P... PLEASE...

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO TALK. NOW, YOU'RE GOING TO EXPERIENCE A GREAT DEAL OF PAIN BEFORE YOU FINALLY AND PITIFULLY DIE, AND I'M GOING TO LOVE EVERY **SECOND** OF IT. HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL, EH?

I'LL TELL YOU WHATEVER YOU WANT TO KNOW! WHATEVER YOU--

AAAAEEEIAAEI!!!

THE MAN'S PLEAS REACH DEAF EARS, AS CERSEI LANNISTER, NOW FULLY POSSESSED BY THE SYMBIOTE SHE UNWITTINGLY FREED, REVELS IN THE FULL POWERS THAT UNION BRINGS.

I ADMIT THAT I'VE ALWAYS SECRETLY LOVED VIOLENCE, ESPECIALLY WHEN MEN LIKE MY BROTHER WOULD DO IT IN MY NAME...

BUT SEEING THE FEAR IN SOMEONES EYES UP CLOSE, WITNESSING THEIR ACCEPTANCE OF THEIR OWN DEMISE... IT'S POSITIVELY THRILLING!